

'There is a Happy Land.'

How many of the myriads who in childhood have sung, 'There is a happy land, Far, far away,' know anything of its writer? His name is Andrew Young, and he is 80 years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous, and retaining in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air, which blended with the music of the woods in the primeval forests long before Sunday Schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for the melody. Its bright and strongly-marked phrases struck Mr. Young's musical ear the first time he heard it casually played in the drawing room. He asked for it again and again. It haunted him. Being accustomed to relieve the clamor of his thoughts and feelings in rhyme, words naturally followed, and so the hymn was created. Mr. Young happened in the presence of his intimate friend, Mr. Gall, a member of the publishing firm of Gall & Inglis. It got into print. It has been translated into nineteen different languages. And yet the author has never received, and, indeed, has never been offered, a penny remuneration. It is only recently that Prof. David Mason, referring to the unique influences of this lyric, stated a most touching incident in the life of Thackeray. Walking one day in a 'slum' district in London he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words, 'There is a happy land, Far, far away!' As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw their pale faces were lit up with a thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears.—New York Tribune.

Gen. Grady on the Saloon.

HE WANTS TO SAVE HIS BOY.

General Grady, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, gives the following reasons for voting against the saloon:

'I assume to keep no man's conscience; I assume to judge for no man; I do not assume that I am better than any man, but that I am weaker. But I say this to you: I have a boy as dear to me as the ruddy drops that gather about this heart. I find my hopes already centering in his little body, and I look to him tonight to take himself the work that, strive as I may, must fall unfinished at last from my hands. Now I know they say it is proper to educate a boy at home, if he is

taught right at home he will not go wrong. This is a lie to begin with, but that don't matter. I have seen sons of some as good people as ever lived turn out badly. I accept my responsibility as a father. The boy may fall from the right path as things now exist. If he does I shall bear that sorrow with such resignation as I may; but I tell you, if I were to vote to recall bar rooms to the city when I know that it has prospered in their absence, and that boy should fall through their agency, I tell you—and this conviction has come to me in the still watches of the night—I could not, wearing the crowning sorrow of his disgrace and looking into the eyes of her whose heart he had broken—I could not, if I had voted to recall these bar rooms, find answer for my conscience or support for my remorse. I don't know how any other father feels, but that is the way I feel, if God permits me to utter the truth.'—Christian Statesman.

A Right Start.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, and had pious parents, brothers, and sisters. His family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell in company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow-travelers said to him, 'Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights.'

'No,' said the young man, 'I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way.'

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and, then slapping him on the shoulder, said, 'Right, my boy; I began in that way; I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win.'

The boy went to church; all honor to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by this manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—Sel.

The Last Fifteen Minutes.

Dr. Pentecost said: 'When I was opening a series of meetings on one occasion, I said, as I have said here, that no person could attend these meetings night after night throughout the course of the mission, without accepting Christ or definitely rejecting Him. One young man present there resolved that he would try to prove the contrary. He would come every evening, would not accept Christ, and yet would not give up all hope, but would come to Him afterward. Night after night this gentleman attended the meetings. The Holy Spirit wrought mightily within him. He felt he was a sinner, and that he should come to Christ, yet he resolutely held out. The last evening but one came, and as he left the meeting he was in mental and spiritual agony. Next day he determined to absent himself from the meeting, for he felt if he definitely rejected Christ again, he would be lost forever. During the time at which the meeting was being held he remained at his home, battling with himself. 'Now they would be at the inquiry meeting,' he reflected. He could stand it no longer, so, throwing pride to the winds, he dashed toward the church and arrived there just fifteen minutes before the close, and within that time he accepted Christ. Every time we hear the gospel offer, it is either the savor of death unto death or of life unto life. Let us, then, beware how we reject it. By continuous rejection sinners may so harden themselves that the Word of God recoils powerless from their hearts, and the Holy Spirit, grieved, takes His irrevocable flight.'

Iowa's Prohibitory Liquor Law Does Prohibit.

The enemies of said law, both in and out of Iowa, know that their utterances are void of truth when they say that the Iowa prohibitory law does not prohibit. Every man, woman, and child in Iowa, that is capable of any discernment in relation to the matter, knows that our prohibitory law does prohibit. It is a base slander on the good people of Iowa to say that her people have no more regard for her laws than to thus trample them under their feet. Every good citizen in Iowa, whatever may be his views in regard to the law, calmly submits. Ex-Judge Henderson told me a few days ago that there is not more than one-third now being done in the practice of law in the courts that there was before the enactment of said law, and we may safely say that that is true in every county in the state.

Ohio is my native state, and the name of that state I love, and the love I have for my native state will follow me to my latest breath; but, oh, what a contrast! I was in Ohio three years ago in this month and in every town I visited I saw advertisements where liquor might be obtained by the glass or in quantity, and I saw more drunken men during my stay there of one month than I have seen in Iowa in twenty years. And when I returned to my own beloved State of Iowa, the state of my adoption, I felt a great relief in thus getting away from the rum power. Our God, whom we love and serve, has this year

blessed Iowa most bountifully in a rich harvest of everything that grows in this climate. Praise be the name of the Lord!—W. C. Smith.

O Sing Unto the Lord.

But if we are to sing unto the Lord, our singing must be something which the Lord would care to hear; something which is in harmony with his mind; something which brings praise and honor to his name, and glorifies and honors him.

Not every hymn is addressed to the Lord. We are to speak to each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; but to this is added "singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord."

Many a time a song of Zion has thrilled a weary heart; many a time a darkened soul has been illuminated and instructed by the voice of song, but the great burden of Christian song is unto the Lord, whose name we thus praise with united voice. Before him we worship and pray and sing praises.

He has said, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." It there is joy in heaven among the angels over one sinner that repenteth, and if our great High Priest offers as incense upon the golden altar "the prayers of all saints," he surely cannot be unmindful of those hymns of praise which voice the emotions of believing hearts, and which tell the joy of God in the souls of his redeemed and loving children.—The Christian.

True Faith.

Not very long since a Government official at St. Petersburg died in utter want, leaving two small children without friends or relatives.

One of them was a boy about seven years old. Alone, without food or money, with his little sister crying for bread, he wrote on a piece of paper the following petition, 'Please, God send me three coppers to buy my little sister a roll.'

This he carried to the nearest church to drop it into an alms-box, and start it on the way to heaven.

A good man passing at that moment, seeing him trying to put the paper in the box, took it and read it, whereupon he carried the children to his house, fed them and clothed them.

Through his kind help a fund was raised for them, amounting in value to over one thousand dollars.

'Make me as one that casteth not by day
A dreary shadow, but reflecting aye
One little beam, loved, warm, and golden, caught
From the bright sun that lights our daily way.'

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. '88.

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It is always safe to take at any time, or under any condition of the system, for old or young or for either sex. It is put up in two styles. The old is slightly bitter, and is the stronger in cathartic effect. The new style is very pleasant to the taste and a perfect medicine for delicate women or children. Each kind is distinctly marked on top of carton.

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MRS. MATTIE FERGUSON, of Dryden, N. Y., says: 'Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life.'

T. F. BAILEY, of Humbolt, Iowa, says: 'Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism.'

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